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who govern, call to your aid those cities which are friendly to you, and go and besiege those who have persecuted you, and compel them to join your faith; but He merely says, leave them, and betake yourselves to another place; or at most, "if they receive ye not in any city, go your ways out into the streets of the same and say, 'Even the very dust of your city, which cleaveth to us, we wipe off against you, notwithstanding be ye sure of this, that the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.'" (Luke x. 10-11.)

Again, to what does the Lord of our religion compare himself? To a shepherd who goes before his sheep, and calleth his sheep by name, and leadeth them out, and whose sheep follow him, for they know his voice. He does not say that He drives the flock before Him with blows or constraint, as if He would force them anywhere against their inclination; but He merely goes before them, and they follow Him, because they know Him, which marks the complete liberty which He gives them to follow Him, and that He desires only a voluntary obedience, preceded and grounded upon knowledge. He contrasts his mission with that of the thieves and robbers who would climb up into the sheepfold, and like wolves carry away the sheep by force who do not belong to them or know their voice. (John x. 1-14.)

It would require us to transcribe nearly the whole of the New Testament, if we would adduce all the proofs which it furnishes of the goodness, the mildness, and the patience which compose the essential and distinctive character of the Gospel, and negative the idea that it is ever justifiable to propagate it by force.

Still, some may say, may there not be a difference between our Lord's mode of dealing with Jews and Pagans, by whom He was surrounded, and the language He would have used if dealing with those who had once been his followers, and apostatized from the truth? Well; let us see. Did our Lord deal otherwise with his apostles, when, in the hour of his passion, they all forsook him and fled? Peter had solemnly denied him, all had deserted him, and yet, what were the first words he addressed to them after his resurrection? "The same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut, where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst;" and what did He say to them? Did He reproach and revile them? No; "Jesus," says the evangelist, "came and stood in the midst of them, and said unto them, PEACE be unto you. And when He had so said, He showed unto them his hands and his side, and said unto them again, PEACE be unto you." There is no exception or limit to the mildness of his precepts or example, and when He has drawn no such distinctions, let us not dare to make any.

Why, indeed, should there be any such distinctions? Can man be free to accept or reject a newly proposed religion, and not free to reject one already believed, though, perhaps, on insufficient grounds? Can it be in itself more criminal to give up an old religion (in which accident has brought us up, because we were born of parents or in a country where such a religion happened to prevail), when we think we see adequate reasons for abandoning it, than to adopt a new religion of whose truth we think we have sufficient proofs? Does not the very fact of adopting a new religion almost unavoidably involve the rejection of an old one? Every one thinks him an apostate who leaves his religion and conforms to another faith. To the Jews, the disciples must have appeared apostates from the religion of Moses and Abraham; the Mahometans deem converts to Christianity renegades and apostates; Protestants call those who leave the reformed Church to submit to the Pope perverts from the truth; Roman Catholics call those who reject their peculiar doctrines, and go over to the Church of England, heretics and apostates. In Ireland especially, Roman Catholics nickname converts by a number of other ignominious and insulting titles, and would have such men dealt with as if they were rebels against lawful authority; and, if they had the power, would invoke the secular arm against them, as freely as their co-religionists would do in Tuscany or Spain—(perhaps we may soon have to add) or Austria.

Numerous are the devices by which men attempt to conceal from themselves or others the absurd and wicked nature of their violations of religious liberty. The pretence of ecclesiastics generally is, that as gangrenes must be cut out and cauterized for the good of the body, heresy must be cauterized at any price, as undermining the very foundation of religion. Thus, men's bodies have been burned at the stake under pretence of saving their souls!—and the holy name of religion perverted, to afford a sanction to the worst passions and deepest prejudices of mankind.

There are many, however, who would shudder at the idea of the scaffold or the faggot, as means of converting men to the truth, who still think that any compulsory means short of actual violence or personal injury may be used; and who would, without scruple, adopt threats, or abuse, or exclusive dealing, or even priestly curses and altar denunciations, to deter others from following examples of which they disapprove.

We think, however, that all the arguments we have adduced both from Scripture and reason apply equally to every species of persecution, the pettiest as well as the most cruel. No mind was ever convinced, or heart converted, by petty persecution, any more than those of a graver kind. We cannot express sufficiently the strength and depth of

our conviction that all and every kind or degree of compulsion in religion is religious persecution, and equally contrary to the first principles of Christianity, and therefore to the will of the Supreme Being, who made all things, and who framed those eternal laws of right and wrong which should govern all men equally in all places and at all times.^a We cannot believe that God's will is that Christians should treat Jews, Mahometans, or Pagans differently from the way that Jews, Mahometans, and Pagans should treat Christians—much less that any sect or section of Christians should treat another sect of Christians worse than it is their duty to treat Jews or Mahometans. The great golden rule of Christianity is as universal as it is wise and benevolent, "Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also even so unto them." Were such a rule of conduct universally acted on, as no one without blasphemy can deny that it is God's will that it should be, the reign of truth would be nigh at hand, and persecution of every shade and colour banished from the earth.

THE DUMB VILLAGE.

CHAP. I.

WHAT! do you really mean to say that there is a "Dumb Village?" How strange, and not more melancholy than strange. Where is this village? for we have never heard of it before. Did a sudden visitation fall on its inhabitants, or did some benevolent individual, impressed by their helplessness, gather together a colony of mutes, and locate them in some suitable spot, as we know to have been done with great success in the case of persons afflicted by a far more distressing malady?

The latter would be an easy and a happy solution of this strange circumstance. But, unfortunately, it will not, since it is not true, assist our conjectures. Nothing of the kind occurred. No such eclectic benevolence was exercised. The greater part of these poor people became dumb under circumstances extremely interesting, and so perplexing as to render the fact wholly unparalleled in the annals of medical observation, and, as yet, certainly inexplicable by medical science. For it is truly said that dumbness does not, ordinarily at least, arise from any impediment in the organ of speech, but from a defect in that of hearing. No doubt, it would sound very strange to say that people speak with their ears. But it may, nevertheless, be quite correct, though it may appear very odd, to assert that they speak because of their ears. Since, if they cannot hear sounds, they certainly will not try to imitate them, and hence will not acquire the use of language. Thus it is that we so often find the same persons to be both "deaf and dumb." Not because both tongues and ears are really defective, but "dumb" because they are "deaf."

We cannot, then, explain this strange fact on medical grounds. For it is one of the many curious circumstances connected with this village, that its inhabitants had perfectly uninjured organs of hearing, and were, moreover, very fond of listening. You might at once perceive, though they did not reply to any questions you asked, they understood every word you uttered. This was especially plain with the younger women, whose bright eyes often beamed with intelligence, and not unfrequently seemed literally to sparkle with fun, as you addressed them, leaving you in dire amazement that such youthful creatures—or, indeed, that any women at all (for, of course, it would not be near so strange with men)—should seem to consider their deprivation of speech not merely as no misfortune at all, but quite as an occasion of most unaccountable merriment. As if the affliction under which they were suffering was really no trial whatever, but rather as the drollest thing imaginable.

Some among the men indeed—especially the elder ones—seemed duly impressed with a sense of their condition. For they would often hurry past you with a quick step, with a downcast, and sometimes a dark look, as though they would either deprecate or prohibit the sympathy which you naturally felt for them, and repress all inquiry into the causes of their affliction. They did not seem as if they wanted to be pitied, or wished to be questioned. That they should desire to avoid the latter was intelligible enough, but that they should thus repel the sympathy which their condition occasioned was in no small degree perplexing. Because it is an exception to the conduct of most people, who naturally welcome the compassion which soothes their suffering.

Some of the women, too—though it must be admitted they were, as well as the men, but few—regarded you, when passing them, with a look of anger and hatred, as if you were the cause of their affliction. No doubt, it must be allowed it is a heavy trial on most women to be compelled to hold their tongues at any time whatever. And, to judge from appearances, these women seemed to be of the class. For you could see their lips open as if on the point of uttering some expression of deep ill will which their countenances showed they felt, and then closed as suddenly as if their jaws were steel traps. Leaving you quite puzzled to conjecture what it

was which stopped them—whether actual inability to speak, or that something at that instant flashed upon their minds and silenced them. And so your next thought was: "Well, if that woman had only the use of her tongue, I would not be her husband for a trifle."

The younger women were, however, the genuine puzzles. If one of these grim old philosophers who spent his time in the study of human nature, and thought he knew a great deal about it, was suddenly popped into this village, and asked his opinion of its maidens, the likelihood is, that at the end he would have shaved off his long beard—if in his perplexity he had not torn it out by the roots—and gone to school again to get birched by Madam Philosophy for the disgrace which, through his ignorance, he had brought on that good old dame's teaching.

These young women were, indeed, as we have said, "riddles," and very pretty riddles too, in every sense of the word. For, of course, we should naturally conclude, that to the "female sex" the loss of their tongues would be, under any circumstances, a matter of overwhelming distress, and incapable of any mitigation. Seeing that those who had husbands were thus prevented from scolding them, and those who still looked for them—and this division includes, it is presumed, every woman that has been, or shall be born—were precluded from the prospective enjoyment of doing so. Yet, though thus defrauded of that happiness which matrons enjoy, and maidens anticipate, these laughing girls made light of a misfortune which deprived them of "the rights of women," to the great diminution, however, of the "wrongs of man." "Light" they certainly did make of it; and as to considering it a misfortune, you would, at least if you were an Irishman, have assuredly concluded that the only purpose which ever brought a tear into their eyes was to temper their brilliancy with tenderness. Nay, more, you would almost have sworn that the ripe and laughing lips, so cruelly debarred from uttering a word as you passed, must have been flowing over with fun but a moment before. Sorrow for the loss of their tongues sat lightly enough upon them. They rather seemed, in their manifest efforts to look demure, as though the restraint of silence was more a source of mirth than an occasion of sadness. In short, the "dumb girls" appeared to be perversely amused by your perplexity, when they ought, no doubt, have been very much sobered by their own misfortune. It was, moreover, very strange that, should you chance to come upon a group of them unobserved, you would have been, in no small degree, surprised at the seeming confusion which your presence caused. Your ears, too, must have cheated you. Because you were tolerably certain you had heard busy voices but an instant before. Perhaps there are fairies elsewhere, as in Ireland. And that it was their voices you heard, expressing to each other how much they admired these pretty maidens, and pitied them.

Puzzles and perplexity met you on all sides. For, if you entered one of the cottages, it seemed as though you had brought the plague along with you. You had been almost certain you heard the merry voices of children at play, and yet, scarcely had your foot crossed the threshold, when you saw the little things shrink away, casting frightened looks upon you, and clapping their hands to their mouths, as if afraid the first cry they uttered would certainly be the signal for such a "raw head and bloody bones," as they plainly took you to be, to devour them at a mouthful, curly locks and all. The father, too, was stiff, and the mother was starch. Nay, even the very dog seemed doubtful whether he was altogether right in not barking at you. For his very attitude of ambiguous irresolution seemed to intimate, as plainly, at all events, as a dog could say anything, "You see how I am restrained by some very strong considerations. So that if I give you 'none of my jaw,' it is only because, like my master, I am but 'a dumb dog' after all."

Of course, under such circumstances, you could not reasonably expect to be asked "to take a chair," though you were not aware of any cause why, in common courtesy, you should not be handed one, and motioned at least to sit down and rest yourself. And, in truth, you could not go into many of these cottages without soon seeing that some painful struggle was really going on in the mind of the good man, or better woman of the house upon this very point. Not only was this apparent; but, when you left the place, wholly surprised, partly grieved, and partly displeased, at such unexpected discourtesy, your retiring ears caught something very like the sounds of an indignant voice—"This is too bad; I won't stand it any longer!" or, as if to confound you utterly, something of a child's whisper, "Mammy, may I speak now?" Here was clearly a fresh dilemma for you; and another singularity which must be mentioned among the many strange characteristics of this most eccentric village. For we conclude our readers will have now anticipated that the inhabitants, old or young, could not have been born dumb, but, on the contrary, must have become so, only after they had learned the use of their mother tongue. This conjecture would have been quite correct. But they will also not fail to notice how much it adds to the great interest which, from what we have already stated, plainly belongs to this very peculiar case. For, as if to complete the physiological puzzle, and utterly confound all hope

^a "This mode," says Locke, speaking of toleration, "pleases me, because it is capable of universal application; it is dealing equally with all mankind, is direct, and will hold good everywhere; which I take to be a good mark of truth. For I shall always suspect that neither to comport with the truth of religion, or the design of the Gospel which is suited to only some one country or party. What is true and good in England, will be true and good at Rome too, in China or Geneva."

of its satisfactory solution, we have furthermore to state, that this deprivation of speech was not of constant continuance. On the contrary, the loss and recovery of language succeeded each other at intervals. So that, as scientific men talk of "waves of sound" and poets of "the tide of song," we may borrow an illustration, and say there was a sort of "ebb and flow" going on with their tongues. This circumstance we ought to mention in confirmation of a well-known comfort, that one difficulty often enables us to solve another. Because, while it clearly increases the hopelessness of any philosophic explanation of such seemingly conflicting phenomena, it enables us to solve what must be allowed as the greatest difficulty of all, namely, why the women appeared to take the matter so easily. No doubt they were well aware that "a good time was coming," and looked forward to the "season of compensation," in the use of their tongues, pretty much in the same way as an impatient heir eagerly longs for the day of his "coming of age." Indeed, without some such clue as this, their endurance, with any degree of patience, would clearly be an inexplicable mystery.

Here, then, was a strange state of things,—we would have said "lamentable," but we see no reason why we should feel more for people than they seemed to feel for themselves. There is, it is true, a case upon record where a soft-hearted fellow wept very piteously upon hearing his own cause pleaded in a court of justice by an eloquent advocate, and, no doubt, added very much with the jury to such a "telling speech" by blubbering out, "I never knew, until now, how badly I was used." But, for our part, we have no idea of inducing people to cry over their misfortunes, by beginning to weep ourselves. There are people in the world of such exquisite sensibilities as almost to make us think they had borrowed other folks' eyes to cry with, since they would scarcely make such bad use of their own. So that, if the impulse of compassion would suggest one term, as descriptive of this state of things, the dictates of common sense must replace it by another. We must, therefore, call this an "odd," rather than a "lamentable," state of things, and comfort ourselves in the assurance that if our readers be disposed to think less of our sympathy, they will be constrained to think more of our judgment.

Let us then, however, get at the facts, before we try to account for them—a mode of procedure which is, we are sorry to say, more frequently recommended than followed. Since many people first construct theories, and then make the facts to suit them. But as, for our parts, we do not become hungry because we have a dinner to eat, but eat our dinner because we are hungry; so we shall put forth the facts connected with this strange village, and then ask of our readers to assist us in finding an explanation for them. Well, then, in the first place, the inhabitants were not, as we have said, "deaf"—not one among them. If their ears were not as long as donkey's, they were, at all events, as quick as cat's. So this circumstance, as is, indeed, common with other "unfortunate facts," ruins that fine theory to which we have alluded, as the usually received explanation of the connection between one's ears and tongue, contained in that phrase of duplicated misfortune, "deaf and dumb." In the next place, as the drums of their ears had nothing to do with the play of their tongues, so it is equally clear the tongues themselves had nothing to say to the matter. For, as we have said, they could speak very well at intervals. Hence there is nothing gained really by calling them "tongue-tied." Because there were too many "slip knots" on the ligature to make it worth much as an explanation.

We have mentioned, and certainly it is a curious phenomenon, that those people lost and recovered the use of language at intervals. "Words," Pope tells us, "are like leaves," and "women's tongues"

"Are of the light aspen made;"

so that, to follow out this happy illustration—as words are the foliage of the tongue, we may assimilate these village tongues to deciduous trees, which lose and regain their leaves in their seasons.

The strangest fact of all is, perhaps, to be found in the circumstances which determined these alternations in the loss and recovery of speech. All, however, which we are at present able to communicate on this subject is, that they were, in some mysterious way or other, connected with the absence or presence of other inhabitants of the same village, who, strange to say, had never been visited with this affliction at all, and who, to do them justice, were as much surprised as pained by the evil which they had, quite innocently, occasioned to those in whose welfare they took a warm and affectionate interest. In fact, it became very speedily apparent to them, from several dark looks and impatient gestures, that however innocent they really were, and felt themselves to be, they were yet unequivocally considered, if not the direct causes of such a trial to their neighbours, at least in some way connected with it. This they felt to be very unfounded. Because hitherto these very persons, now thus unfairly blamed and shunned, had been remarked for their kindly conduct to their fellows, and admitted to be among the best inhabitants of the village. So high, indeed, was their character, so irreproachable their conduct, and so ready their kindness, that many who really disliked them were often constrained to

allow that they could find nothing against them, and secretly respected their consistency of conduct, which they were unwilling to praise and indisposed to imitate.

It must, however, be stated to the credit of these poor people, that many among them judged more fairly, and endured their affliction with greater patience. Because, though several, who could not use hard words, did make up for it by very angry looks, yet others, and, perhaps, the greater number, still gave that welcome with their eyes which hitherto they had given with their tongues. And though they knew them to be in some way connected with their calamity, still, like good moralists, they judged of actions by motives, and imputed no blame where there was no wrong intention. Others, however, carried their anger so far as to refuse all continuance of former intercourse, and were at no pains to conceal the determined hostility which they felt.

It must, of course, be supposed that matters could not long go on in this way. A part of the inhabitants of the village soon perceived themselves to be, as we say, "put in Coventry," or, as it were, thoroughly "tabooed" by the residue. They were in a difficulty. And the worst part of it was, they saw no way of getting out of it; for, wherever they ventured inquiries, or sought explanations, few would listen, and none could answer. And in several instances, when, "strong in conscious innocence," they went so far as to force expostulations, they soon saw they were only making matters worse, and stirring up strife when they meant and hoped to allay it.

What, then, were they to do? They acted like wise men, and met together to consider their position, and deliberate upon their future conduct. Naturally enough, the notion of quitting the village altogether was uppermost in many minds. Indeed, one hasty fellow bounced up before others better qualified to give advice, and exclaimed, "Let us quit in a body. I am heartily sick of this place, and of these ungrateful people." Something, however, as is not uncommon with people who speak with precipitation, stopped him, and he sat down rather abruptly. For it had just occurred to him that he had a pretty bit of ground, and a very snug house, which he could not take with him. To sell was out of the question, for it was certain there would be no purchaser. Indeed, it was soon apparent to most, though having but little to lose, they must be sufferers if they left. And they did not altogether relish the idea that those who were forcing them to such a measure should be like the cunning Russians in the Crimea, who are likely, now that peace exists, to make "a pretty penny," by declining to buy our cavalry horses, and other (to us) costly articles, until, as the time of departure approaches, they are tolerably sure to get them for next to nothing, under the difficulties and expense of removal.

A speaker, much respected for his wisdom and years, addressed them thus, "I am an old man, and have seen a good deal of men and their ways. I have also learned to wait with patience for the issue of things which I cannot at first understand. I am quite satisfied, from the observation of a long life, that events which suddenly occur, and appear most capricious, are those which, beyond all, will, in due time, bring their own explanation. It is because I am just now so much perplexed that I have so much hope. If this matter were less accountable, I would say 'quit;' but, being so inexplicable, I say 'don't.' It is too sudden to last long, and too unjust to us not to have a reaction in our favour. Let us, therefore, see it out, and be more careful and kind in our conduct than ever."

A young man stood up, as the last speaker. He was tall and straight as a pine tree, with an eye bright as a deer's, and a step springy as a caoutchouc. His erect bearing indicated manly determination. "I have waited," he said, "for the aged men to speak; for I know that good counsel is more from gray hairs, and that years bring wisdom. I am more fitted to receive advice than to give it, and more ready to obey than to speak. I am, therefore, prepared to act as you may direct. Yet I may say this much—difficulties prove and improve men. I would rather face than fly them. And so, my fathers" (here the young man's countenance was observed by those who were near him to brighten for an instant, with a curiously significant smile, as if he knew a great deal more than he wished to tell, and did not consider the difficulty very serious after all), "I would rather remain where I am."

The council took the advice of the old and young man, something to the annoyance of a cross-grained old bachelor, who grumbled, as the first sat down, "I don't see why I should be patient because I am puzzled," and as the second ended, growled out, "I'll be bound some young woman is at the bottom of it all."

Perhaps he was right in this latter remark. For one or two, who greatly loved this young man, shook their heads rather significantly as they smiled upon him, and said some time afterwards, one to another, "We knew our young friend too well to doubt that one so modest would have appeared so decided unless he had good ground for his confidence."

They remembered that the gentlest and prettiest maiden of the village had sometimes been observed to

listen with earnest ear when this young man spoke. Close watchers, too, had seen her eye moisten and her lips quiver, as he dwelt with strong persuasiveness on the subject which he best loved. Yet, alas! it was upon this young creature that the blow had fallen most heavily. Her soft voice was no longer heard. She hurried past her former friends with a quick step and a sorrowing look, and her mute distress pierced their hearts. When tidings of her affliction first reached the ears of the young man, he hurried to know the truth of the report which so shocked him. Unhappily, it was confirmed. She could not speak to him.

A short time after, the lord of the manor, who took a deep interest in the welfare of the villagers, and was, therefore, sorely distressed at their unexpected misfortune, entered the cottage of this young girl's parents, and, after a while, turning to her, said, "Do not be cast down, Mary, I think it very likely (I know I hope it very much) you may recover the use of your speech. I remember when I was a boy at school we used to read about the dumb son of a rich king, who, seeing in battle a soldier of the enemy about to kill his father, broke out with a cry of very distinct utterance. Now, if a young man's affection for his parent enabled him to regain the use of his speech, I think it not impossible that a young woman's heart may have sometimes very considerable influence upon her tongue."

Mary, strangely enough, seemed much perplexed,

She reddened like a rose,
Synne pale as ony lily.

Her kind friend, in whose family she was a great favourite, had evidently, some way or other, become possessed of a secret; for he completed poor Mary's confusion by whispering to her, as he passed out, "I think I heard your voice the other evening in the shrubbery, and some one else's also." And, indeed, unless his ear cheated him a second time, he thought he also heard, as he left the cottage, the same sweet voice saying, "I could not help it, dear mother." And, likewise, a tender and loving answer, "No, my own darling, God grant this may soon be over, it is a hard trial for us all."

THE VICAR OF CHRIST.

A FRIEND asks us to state at what period the Pope was first called "Vicar of Christ?" Now, it is by no means easy to point out the very first beginning of such things with certainty; but, we are always anxious to answer fair inquiries as far as we can, and what we have to say on this point may serve to bring out information from our Roman Catholic correspondents, if any one of them can show an earlier origin for the title than we can.

The expression "Judeus vice Christi," "Judge in place of Christ, or, as vicar of Christ," occurs in St. Cyprian's 12th epistle; but it is there applied to the bishop of each Church, and not to the Pope only. This is the more remarkable, as that epistle was addressed by Cyprian to Cornelius, Bishop of Rome.

We have met with the following passage in the 2nd epistle of Pope Julius, said to have been written about the year 337. "Portamus onera omnium qui gravantur, quoniam hac portat in nobis Beatus Apostolus Petrus, cujus vice fungimur legatione, et cujus regula informamur" "We bear the burdens of all who are aggrieved; nay, rather, the Apostle Peter bears them in us, as vicar of whom we hold the place of legate, and by whose rule we are instructed."

But here it is to be observed, that in this passage, the Pope is only made the vicar of St. Peter, and not the vicar of Christ.

It is also to be observed, that this epistle of Pope Julius is one of the infamous forgeries of Isidore Mercator. It was written near the end of the eighth century. So it appears that those persons who forged that mass of documents in the eighth century, for the express purpose of exalting the Pope, had not themselves yet formed the idea of making the Pope "Vicar of Christ," but only vicar of St. Peter.

There is a similar passage in the epistle of Pope Siricius to Himerius, about A.D. 390, which epistle most writers hold to be genuine; but that passage does not contain the words "Cujus vice fungimur." Assuming that epistle of Siricius to be genuine, it would seem that the forgers in the eighth century stole the passage (according to their usual practice), and inserted the words which make the Pope vicar of St. Peter; this they would hardly have done, if the notion had then been started of making the Pope "Vicar of Christ"—a notion not found in any of those forgeries.⁴

About the time that those forgeries were concocted, the claim which the Popes made for themselves was to be vicars of St. Peter, not "Vicars of Christ." Thus, Pope Leo III., about the year 800, wrote to the Emperor Charlemagne, that he had been told of "your benign goodness,

^a Constant, Epist. Rom. Pont., p. 177.

^b Labbe and Coss. Con. Gen. vol. ii., 494.

^c Labbe and Coss. Con. Gen. vol. ii., 1017.

^d It will also appear from a third epistle of St. Peter, which we have in type and intend to publish, that the Apostle himself, in the eighth century, thought that the Pope was his own vicar, and did not know that the Pope was the vicar of Christ. Our readers may be surprised at this; but we intend to show them the epistle, if possible in our next number.